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MISCELLANEOUS

On arrival of passenger trains of the several lines, the cars are loaded with passengers, meeting with Atlantic Express for NEWBURY and ALL TOWNS EAST.

NEWBURY Daily (Steamer after-Except SATURDAY)—A rival of passenger trains from West and Northwest, connecting at Grand Haven with the Detroit and Mackinac Islands, ELYN W. DAY (Capt. DECATO), and other points in Michigan, Canada and Eastern States.

\$2.75 LESS PAIR and 100 Miles Less Distance than other Lines.

DETROIT—On the arrival of passenger trains from the Northwest, at Company's Office, 539 Broadway, at 1st Dock Office, adjoining Union Depot, Milwaukee, Wis.

T. T. NEE
Gen'l Freight, & Passenger Agent, Detroit.

Northwestern Passenger Agent.

CIRCUIT COURT, ROCK COUNTY—Cornelia O. Peterson, Plaintiff vs. Peter C. Peterson, defendant.

Wm. H. Williams, to the said defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, to defend the said Cornelia O. Peterson in the courts aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you in accordance with the demand of the complaint, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

GARNETT & SALLIE
Attorneys at Law,
Rockford, A. Torrey.

God! what have you done? Could you not have waited a little while? You have ruined my hopes, my happiness, my faith and trust in woman. You have killed me—killed me! May God forgive you, and if ever I prayed, I pray now that I may forget I ever loved—yes, that I love you more madly than ever.

Such a letter—such despair, and such hopeless bitterness, such anguish of mind, such pain of anger—and Mrs. Van Verst, crushed it in her hand, till the paper was a mass of broken fragments.

"I will forget him—I will not go to my husband with such thoughts in my heart! My God, I will be true! I must be true! Oh, make me—make me true to him, and don't let me sorrow! Heaven help me!"

And with hands clasped and lovely eyes uplifted, she stood one moment, and a loving Father laid His blessing of resolution and patience, and earnest strength and presence, upon her heart, that was sick unto despair.

Half an hour later she looked up into her husband's face, as they sat alone on the porch that was conveying them to the depot—such a good, grand face that accompanied the character, no woman could come in contact with—and find it thoroughly reverent and admiring. And a sudden little thrill of humble content warmed in her eyes and quivered into a peaceful smile, as she laid her hand on his.

"I mean to be such a good wife, Horace," she said, gently.

"My darling, I know it," he answered her. "And I am most blessed of any man on God's earth to-day."

So their wedded life began.

Two years afterward, and half a city in mourning, because of the pitiless scourge that the hot midsummer days had swept relentlessly down upon it, when fashion and beauty and wealth had fled before the grim consuming of the pestilence, two people lying dead—youthful, handsome even in death, with refinement and nobility on their marble faces.

And the death-roll, that morning, telegraphed to happier Northern cities, contained these names: "Mr. Horace Van Verst, and his wife, Miss Lisle Van Verst," while, in an adjoining room, poor, healthy, joyous and unconscious of her awful loss, a year old, watched over by one careful nurse, while another, gray-haired and fearful, was hurriedly making preparations to leave the accursed fever-stricken city.

Theo, Edmerton had taken up his position at the foot of the grand stair case, and was rather enjoying looking on at the gay crowd that was fast filling Mrs. Willard's parlors, and especially looking, as was not the first, or the second, or the dozenth time he had looked just so eagerly, at lovely Vivian Gwyneth.

Of late, Edmerton had been passing through a strange experience, and fair-haired Vivian was enjoying a momentary connection with so intimately that, during these past few weeks, Edmerton had come to know that that had happened to him he had thought never could happen to him again, after the desolate waste time in his life, when Isabel Lisle had married another.

He had thought never to renew his faith and trust in woman. He had had no hope nor wish that the week that he had lived and himself in love and passion should ever be made anew. And then, right into all the *desolation* of his affections, Vivian Gwyneth had come with sympathy and healing.

Until, standing and watching her to-night, the fairest, brightest star in Mrs. Willard's brilliant assemblage, Theo Edmerton knew he loved her.

Until he was wondering what the remnant of his heretofore unblemished life would be worth to him, when he asked lovely Vivian for her love, she should withhold it.

For he had made up his mind slowly, during the past few weeks, that he was warranted in asking her.

He was almost sure she cared for him, and yet, if it should so happen that she did not!

An hour afterward he stood before Vivian Gwyneth, alone with her, in the elegant, half-dim light, with his handsome face pale with passionate pleading.

ing, his eyes full of masterful tenderness, as he told her how he loved her, and asked for her sweet self in return.

And Vivian?

I think it was the sweetest way a woman ever gave herself to her lover, that which she did, in her own perfect way, so profound, so charmingly shy:

"Before I answer you," she said, lifting her glorious eyes to his in a swift, radiant, and glorious answer.

you, let me show you—this is the picture of him I have loved all my life. It was my ideal—I have worn it night and day. Would you care to have me tell you what you wish, knowing what I have told you?"

A gasping sort of vague fear crept chilly over him in that one instant when she laid

